

O the beautiful old story!

Louise May Alcott

G. C. E. Ryley

1. O the beau - ti - ful old sto - ry! Of the lit - tle child that lay
2. O the pleas - ant, peace - ful sto - ry! Of the Youth who grew so fair,
3. O the won - der - ful, true sto - ry! Of the mes - sen - ger from God,
4. O the sad and sol - emn sto - ry! Of the cross, the crown, the spear,

5

In a man - ger on that morn - ing, When the stars sang in the day;
In His fa - ther's hum - ble dwell - ing Pov - er - ty and toil to share,
Who a - mong the poor and low - ly, Brave - ly and de - vout - ly trod,
Of the par - don, pain, and glo - ry That have made His Name so dear.

9

When the hap - py shep - erds kneel - ing, As be - fore a ho - ly shrine,
Till a - round Him in the tem - ple, Mar - vel - ling, the old men stood,
Work - ing mir - a - cles of mer - cy, Preach - ing peace, re - bu - king strife,
His ex - am - ple let us fol - low, Fear - less, faith - ful to the end,

13

Bless'd God and the ten - der mo - ther For a life that was di - vine.
As through His wise in - no - cen - cy Shone the meek boy's an - gel - hood.
Bless - ing all the lit - tle chil - dren, Lift - ing up the dead to life.
Walk - ing in the sa - cred foot - steps Of our Bro - ther, Mas - ter, Friend.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)